

SERIAL STORY

The Women's Candidate

By BYRON WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS.

In a spirit of fun Mayor Bedight, a summer visitor, is chased through the woods by ten laughing girls, one of whom he catches and kisses. The girls form themselves into a court and sentence him by bidding of one of their number for ten days. A legislative session woman suffrage, which mayor's pocket, is used he mandates of service is with him fishing. A sheriff with hat she caught between one. The next day Arney, are arrested. The mayor the sheriff duke in the jail to get bill. With s to invest are caught

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preclaimed the witchery of the night. With a scarcely perceptible tilt, the boat grounded on the shelving sandy shore. Bedight sprang out and pulled the craft further upon its cushioned anchorage. The girl sat in the boat, intently watching the mayor. That gentleman took from the locker a basket well laden. Quickly gathering some dry wood, he stacked it over a bunch of tinder-like weeds, touched a match to the pile, set the basket at a safe distance and pulling a revolver from his pocket, fired in the general direction of the moon.

Having maneuvered thus peculiarly, he hastened back to the boat, shoved off and rowed from the shore a hundred yards. Resting on his oars, he let the boat toss idly upon the lake. Five, ten minutes passed. The dry wood burned brightly, making a beacon of light, into the circle of which there came, at last, three shadows, followed by unintelligible conversation.

"They've found it," said the mayor, picking up his oars and turning the boat toward the hotel.

It was midnight when the sides of the craft rubbed its sister boats at Mine Host's dock. The mayor and the girl crept softly up the winding pathway toward the hotel. Suddenly, in the moonlight ahead, the form of a woman appeared advancing to meet them. The mayor and the girl saw her simultaneously. He stopped instantly with a restraining hand upon the girl's arm.

"Quick!" he commanded, springing in front of his companion and turning her about face. "Walk rapidly down the path to the boathouse."

She complied instantly. Over his shoulder the mayor saw the woman hesitate, then follow determinedly through the shimmering moonlight.

"Go into the boathouse," directed Bedight hurriedly. "Wait until I engage her in conversation. Then open the rear door and run for the hotel. And be quiet!"

"I understand," whispered the girl, excitedly.

Slipping through the door, she closed it softly. Pulling a cigar from his pocket, the mayor scratched a match on the sole of his shoe and blew a puff of smoke at the same target which earlier in the evening he had failed to hit with his leaden missile.

The woman rounded the corner and came directly toward him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bedight," said "Judge" Vining in a cold, formal voice, "for following you, but as chaperone of the young ladies at the hotel I feel that it was my duty to do so."

The mayor bowed. "Duty to the one performing it," he interrupted gallantly, "is oftentimes irksome, but begrudgingly done frequently conveys pleasure to another. I do not care to appear selfish in your eyes. Your duty pleases me."

question, Mr. Bedight," she continued. "Who was the girl that came down the path with you?"

The man drew closer to her. The flippancy was gone from his voice. His face was earnest.

"Miss Vining, you have inferred that I am guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman. A few mornings ago you ran after me in a spirit of mischief, and in the same spirit I caught you in my arms and kissed you. If I have hurt you I am sincerely sorry, but I, too, am reaping the fruit of folly. You have chosen to arm yourself with a distant demeanor toward me, you rebuff my attempts at entering the circle of your real self, you are 'judge' both on and off the bench, distant, suspicious, haughty. You pursued me; I took toll. With your permission I promise to forget that you ran, but I cannot forget that I kissed you. I am not a boy. I have seen some of the world. I do not know much about love. I have been too busy trying to do something, to fall in love, or else I never



Alice Mason.

have happened to meet the woman. Since coming here I don't know exactly what sort of an enchantment I have entered—but I do know that I cannot forget the ecstasy of the moment when our lips met. You may scorn me and it lies within your power to discipline me—or defeat me—but I shall not try to obliterate the thrill of that brief moment!"

Jackie Vining did not meet his eyes. In her heart she felt a strange, new feeling of elation, a softening of resentment, but women were theorems long before mathematicians struggled with right-angle triangles and hypotenuses, and all their non-understandable descendants, beautiful and sweet and charming as they are, still persist in being man's best problem.

"Your frankness in things," she said without emotion, "is commendable as your duty pleases me. Must I repeat my question? Who was the girl that came down the path with you?"

Kentucky College For Women At Danville



Danville, Ky.—The above is a reproduction of the plan of the Kentucky College for Women as it will be when completed. The large center building and the wing to the left, and the first building immediately north-east of the main center building are to be erected at once with funds donated by Dr. Nathaniel Conkling, of New York, and other contributions aggregating \$225,000. The institution is now known as Caldwell College, but at the end of the present scholastic year the name will be changed to the Kentucky College for Women. The trustees of the institution expect to place the new college on a plane with the best institutions of the East for the higher education of women.

TO ERECT BIG DAM

COMPANY HAS BEEN ORGANIZED WITH FOUR MILLION DOLLARS CAPITAL.

Plan is to Harness Water Power of Dix River for the Light Plants in Kentucky Cities.

Danville, Ky.—C. P. Kennedy announces that the Dix River Power Plant Co. has been capitalized in New York at \$4,000,000. The proposition to erect a monster dam across Dix river eight miles northeast of Danville, has been under way for several months. A scientific test of the daily power of the water has been made and proved satisfactory to the promoters.

Mr. Kennedy owns the land upon which the dam is to be erected. Options have been secured on all property affected by the dam. It will cost \$1,400,000 to be a certain erection of the dam. The election of Nicholas Richmond as mayor of Danville is a possibility.

FARM CENSUS

Shows the Number of Mortgaged Farms in Kentucky.

Frankfort, Ky.—The Census Bureau gave out the Kentucky farm statistics gathered at the last census. The report says in part:

The total wealth in the form of farm property is \$773,798,000, of which \$21.1 per cent is contributed by lands and buildings, 2.7 per cent by implements and machinery, and 15.2 per cent by live stock.

"The value of land and buildings is \$635,459,000, showing an increase of \$253,454,000, or 66.3 per cent since 1900. In 1880, the value was \$299,299,000.

"In 1910, the total number of farms owned in whole or in part by the operators was 170,332. Of this number, 145,505 were reported as free from mortgage; 33,839 were reported as mortgaged, and 1,788 no report relative to mortgage indebtedness was obtained. The number of mortgaged farms constituted 19.6 per cent of the total number of owned farms, exclusive of those for which no report was obtained. The number of mortgaged farms is higher than it was in 1900, and much higher than it was in 1880."

"Of the farmers in 1910, 55.5 per cent, or 95,505, were reported as mortgaged, or 4.5 per cent of the white population; of the non-

WILL OPEN RICH FIELD.

Whitesburg, Ky.—The first and the most important branch of the new Lexington & Eastern railroad to be built is to be constructed up Line Fork creek, in the southern section of the county, a distance of about twenty miles, to tap rich undeveloped coal and timber fields, the richest section perhaps in the mountains. The survey being already well under way, rights of way are now being secured all along the way, and it is said officially that a contract will be let within the next sixty days, and actual construction work started immediately thereafter.

Railroad building in Eastern Kentucky's coal field is to be most active during the next few years. Another trunk line, the Cincinnati, Licking Valley & Virginia railroad, is preparing to build through the coal fields. Other lines are coming. Millions of dollars will be expended in developments in this (Letcher) county alone.

LARGE EXECUTION IS ISSUED.

Greensburg, Ky.—The largest execution ever issued in Green county was turned over to Ellis Workman, Ellisor of the county. Sheriff being vacant, the clerk of the court, This execution is for \$230 in Green county.

IN RUSSIA'S CAPITAL

Streets of St. Petersburg Are a Semi-Oriental Sight.

Houses Like Huge Human Hives—No Crowds Permitted to Congregate and Newsboys Are Prohibited From Calling Their Wares.

St. Petersburg.—As one moves about the streets, he is struck most of all by the wasteful use of space. It is at once apparent that Petersburg never slowly evolved from embryonic beginnings. But it would be unwise to proceed further in describing Petersburg's streets without noting the fact that she has two kinds of streets, namely, the Nevsky Prospect and others. An ordinary "oolitza" or street except late in the afternoon (when Petersburg wakes up!), is a semi-Oriental sight. Save on court holidays, when each house is required to hang out the national flag, there is no color in the streets, the houses are dun colored and monotonously alike. There are no hills, no small domes, no large ones—just huge, human hives with courts in the rear, and icons constantly lit by tiny oil lamps in the front.

There is little noise. No crowds gather; the newsboys are not allowed to call their wares; bands, hand organs or street vendors seldom disturb this solemn city of the north. Even the tram cars creep by noiselessly; they are "curve-a-queal" and rattle proof.

Ah, but how different, kaleidoscopic Nevsky Prospect! It is the Fifth avenue, the Unter den Linden, the Regent street of Russia's capital. Less than three miles long, it is yet one of the world's really unique highways. There is nothing like it elsewhere. Some visitors come and go; others stay; but foreigners never seem to weary of gazing upon this peculiarly varied, marvelously cosmopolitan sight. Over the spacious wooden pavement between the two low banks of glittering stores, flows a motley stream of traffic. Here the ends of the earth seem to meet. Everybody from everywhere rushes hither and thither. Red French automobiles, their horns singing tuneless, metallic ditties, swerve and dodge about ragged peasants bearing burdens with wooden shoulder yokes or driving primitive, home-made carts. Royally appointed equipages, flaunting purple plumes and golden braid, prance sedately by, while continually up one side and down the other pours a

